



THE LADIES

A Highly Seasoned Pot-Pourri, Dished Up Especially for the Tender Sex.

FAIR WOMEN AND THEIR WAYS.

A Bit of Poetry, a Little Humor, and Some Solid Chunks of Useful Information.

Didn't Know It Was a Secret.

"Say," said Berkey to his wife yesterday at dinner, "you didn't say anything to any one about what I was telling you night before last, did you? That's a secret."

"A secret? Why, I didn't know it was a secret," she replied kind of reluctantly.

"Well, did you tell it? I want to know."

"Why, no, I never thought of it since. I didn't know it was a secret—Kentucky State Journal.

Testing His Love.

"Clarence, dear, do you love me?" said a Hennepin-avenue girl in a soft, cooing tone, that sounded like the musical sighing of the wind in the trees.

"Of course I do, my ownest own," replied he, reproachfully.

"With your whole heart?" she continued, as she wound her slender arms around his neck and toyed with the rear of his 25-cent coat.

"With my whole heart and soul, darling."

"Well, then, the next time you come to take me riding you bring a double team. I'm not going to have that hatchet-faced Dolly Staggs, with her red hair, driving off with that freckled-faced beau of hers with a double team while I ride in a single rig."—*Afro-Asiatic Journal*.

Women's Suits.

The skill shown by American women in nearly every department or creative art, save that of musical composition, seems to increase constantly. This is especially noticeable in literary work. Her short story of to-day compared with her short story of the past reveals wonderful improvement in consciousness, construction, and freshness. Intellectual forces are at work to balance the excess of imagination and the overwornness of sensitive women who have a talent for story-telling. The result of this is gain to the periodicals. It is not now the exception for a woman to write a good newspaper article; it is rather the rule; and if the true inwardness of many a newspaper office were known it would be found that a fair share of the best work is done by women. To a lesser degree the same observations hold good in novel writing. Unvarying conscientiousness and steady improvement mark most of the novels by our women authors, and the uniform tone of their books may be set against the varianceness of most of our masculine writers.—*Epoch*.

How to Preserve the Complexion.

English women, as a rule, possess in youth and till age the finest complexion. Their climate is kind to them. Their perpetual moisture seems to keep them in perpetual bloom, as it does their wonderful roses. But besides their climate, their customs favor them. English girls are kept in the nursery or the school-room, free from the excitement of late hours, rich food, adult society, fashionable dress or habill, till their constitutions are established and their physiques developed. The simple food, daily bath, hours spent out of doors, on foot or on horseback, an uneventful life, give them sound stomachs, healthy livers, and tranquil nerves, and the beautiful coloring is a matter of course. It cannot be said too strongly that health is the only safe renovator of the complexion. Cleanliness is the universal cosmetic. And if the women of this generation have lost their freshness through carelessness or ignorance, or spite of climate, they can at least rear their daughters to preserve that inheritance of beauty to which most Americans are born.—*Harper's Bazaar*.

Gathering Our Pages.

A fashion writer avers that she lately saw a lady at a public table whose gown scintillating with jets, was cut open and square over a snowy bust, where repose a string of diamonds and a string of pearls, with a brooch and pendant of diamonds; in her hair a band of brilliants glittering in the shape of a comb; huge solitaires depended from her ears; diamonds again sparkled on her wrists, while her hands were literally loaded with sapphires and rubies and emeralds and opals and diamonds; she glittered all over like the night; she remained one of some rare show and attracted almost as much attention. Yet this same glittering individual used her handkerchief vigorously and for a long time together on her nostrils, scratched herself without reserve, and picked bones with her fingers, making as much display of her bad breeding in one direction as another. Our young people cannot too early be taught that simplicity of dress is as important and as evident a mark of good breeding as quiet behavior in.

Making Love in Public.

The girl who never told her love, but let concealment like the womb of the bed feed on her damek cheek, no longer exists. The girl of to-day has told her love. It will not be her fault if he does not know the state of her affection.

She tells everybody else. She makes the hay of sentiment while the sun shines. She takes absolute possession of her love and flaunts him in the

face of the public. On the deck of the steamer, on the rail car, in the seclusion of ma's parlor, in the crowded drawing-room, or the promenade, and in the traffic of street travel, she claims him to have and to hold. "Pre-empted" is written all over him.

A few days ago a young couple sat together in a street-car, and, without lowering their voices, told their love in unmistakable language. When the young man reached the street where he lived he gave the young lady her parcel, shopping-bag, and other traps which he was carrying for her, and, holding out his hand, wished her a plaintive good-bye, adding as he reached the door, and the car waited: "I will see you again."

"Let it be soon," she urged with an anxious inflection of voice.

The inference which was conveyed to the amused passengers was that the youth would hurry home, snatch a mouthful of supper, make a hasty toilet and appear at the residence of his idol within an hour or two at the latest.

It reminds one of the couple who seemed along repeating their good-byes until the clock struck the hour of midnight, and the young man felt compelled to go.

"When shall I see you again?" asked the girl, anxiously.

"To-morrow," lisped the ardent youth, with reassuring promptness.

"Must I wait until to-morrow?"

Love is a delicate and elusive thing, and shuns the gaze of strangers. That which passes for it, and flaunts itself in the public face, is not love, but its counterfeit, a metal of baser mold.

Making love in public furnishes amusement for the people, and degrades a lofty principle into a sordid spectacle. Young men do not take the initiative in making themselves ridiculous. Galantry is so much a part of a man's nature that he can put his soul in his eyes when he is talking to any woman and make her feel that she is the only one of her sex in whom he takes the highest interest. He may wear his love on his sleeve, but it is not the real sentiment—only a "decoy duck" with which to lure other game. But with a young girl it is quite different. She is in awful earnest. Her whole tender, susceptible nature flares in her cheeks and looks out of her eyes. The world may see it and she not care.

"A love is of man's life's "king apart," the woman's whole existence."

But the world is a censorious judge, not a kind guardian, and it ridicules her pretty passion, and voices again the old contumely: "Wait awhile."

It would be rather lonely in the overfull desert of social life, if the married and unmarried lovers should suddenly face themselves by ceasing to wear their badges of love eternal and unchangeable, and conduct themselves like the vivisected members of society, who get along after a fashion without hearts. The dove-colored bride who addresses her husband of a day as "hubby," and is overheard saying to him: "Nobody would think we are just married, would they, love?" would really be missed. And the girl with her first beau, the youth with curly hair and china-blue eyes, who says "me" and "you," if you will the conversational string, would leave a vacuum if suddenly withdrawn. But it would be better for the dear young people themselves, for they are really casting their pearls before an animal that is not metaphorical, and which will assuredly catch them and rend them.

Howells, who makes love like a philosopher or a butcher, has some of his characters seclude themselves in a suicidal idea. The "burning deck" would be less public and more sentimental, with the rippling waters beneath, but it would indeed be a robust passion that could survive either situation. We could only suspect a seasick swoon from the one and triangles and parallelograms of affection from the other. Girls, never accept a man who would propose to you in the park!—*Mrs. M. L. Payne, in Detroit Free Press*.

A RADICAL CURE.

Doctor Crawford, of Baltimore, is related to have advised a patient, who fancied he was dying of liver disease, to travel. On returning he appeared to be quite well, but upon receiving information of the death of a twin brother, who had actually died of a scirrhous liver, he immediately staggered, and, falling down, cried out that he was dead, and had, as he always expected, died of a liver complaint. Doctor Crawford being sent for immediately attended; and, on being informed of the notion which had seized the hypochondriac, exclaimed: "Oh, yes, the gentleman is certainly dead, and it is more than probable that his liver was the death of him. However, to ascertain the fact, I will hasten to cut him open before profraction takes place." He called for a carving knife, and whetting it as a butcher would when about to open a dead calf, he stepped up to the patient and began to open his waistcoat. The hypochondriac became so terribly frightened that he leaped up with the agility of a rabbit, and crying out "Murder! murder! murder!" ran off with a speed that would have defied a score of doctors to catch him. After running a considerable distance, until he was almost exhausted, he halted, and not finding the doctor at his heels, soon became composed. From that period this gentleman was never known to complain of his liver, nor had he for more than twenty years afterward any symptoms of this disease.

PHRENOMEN OF MIND.

"You want to marry my daughter, do you?" said the rich old parent to the gilded youth who had hovered about the front parlor persistently for the last three months, whether the gas was lit or not.

"Yes, sir," said the youth, apparently much relieved.

"Very well," said the old gentleman with a self-satisfied chuckle, you can have her. Here, by the way, are a few of her bills, which I may as well submit to you now as at any other time."

"Ah, yes," murmured the young man, in the least abashed, "here's what I'll stack 'em up together and you can fix it all up in a lump whenever you feel like it.—*Merchant Traveler*.

The golden beams of truth and the golden cords of love, twisted together, will draw men on with a sweet violence, whether they will or not.



Stylish Adornments for the Feminine Form Divine.

SOME LATE DECREES OF FASHION.

What to Wear and How to Wear It—Styles in Costumes, Hats, Bonnets, Jewelry, Etc., Etc.

Rainbow Stockings.

I wish I could stand a few of our great-grandmothers in front of a certain window on Broadway, devoted exclusively to hoseiery, says a New York letter.

Such marvels! They are real works of art. Imagine scarlet silk stocking with a black headed serpent twisting around its entire length, with the reptile's head resting on the instep! Another pair of light blue, with pink rosebuds embroidered all over; yellow silk hose, with butterflies of natural size in all colors of the rainbow; white silk hose, with beaded stars, and those of black silk, with the instep composed of the richest white lace; a pair of pale green hose, with simulated pink ribbon bows up the front. Yes, I would like to show all these wonders to the dear old ladies, who thought they were well supplied in winter with three or four pairs of gray woolen stockings of their own knitting, and in summer a half-dozen pairs of plain white ones with a woven red band at the top. Indeed, we have only to go back to our own childhood for this last style, with a pair of "open works" for Sundays. There were handsome black silk hose with red lobsters embroidered on the instep, while others had a big green frog, with bead eyes, with his opera hat on, all ready to go a-woofing.

We do not lack for novelty and ingenuity, and shuns the gaze of strangers. That which passes for it, and flaunts itself in the public face, is not love, but its counterfeit, a metal of baser mold.

Making love in public furnishes amusement for the people, and degrades a lofty principle into a sordid spectacle.

Young men do not take the initiative in making themselves ridiculous. Galantry is so much a part of a man's nature that he can put his soul in his eyes when he is talking to any woman and make her feel that she is the only one of her sex in whom he takes the highest interest. He may wear his love on his sleeve, but it is not the real sentiment—only a "decoy duck" with which to lure other game. But with a young girl it is quite different. She is in awful earnest. Her whole tender, susceptible nature flares in her cheeks and looks out of her eyes. The world may see it and she not care.

A novelty in silver cauchette is the face of Old Mother Hubbard, with an etched band beneath.

A brooch consisting of an oxidized silver sun has a large eagle of bright gold flying toward it.

Silver parasol handles bear many handsome ornamental designs of leaves, flowers, fruits, and grasses.

A tape measure in an oxidized silver case, ornamented with repousse work, makes an elaborate tool.

A large oval sun, the rays of which are set with alternate pearls and diamonds, makes a handsome pin.

Grain-work initials on oxidized silver match-boxes is the latest fancy, but a somewhat costly one.

A pair of silver buttons are leading designs for bonnet-pins.

Hairpin-tops of twisted silver wire are now occasionally set with diamonds.

A diamond dragon-fly makes a handsome ornament for ladies' neckwear.

A pretty combination jewel is a diamond crescent with a star in the center.

A double star set alternately with rubies and sapphires is a charming pattern for a brooch.

A novelty in silver cauchette is the face of Old Mother Hubbard, with an etched band beneath.

A brooch consisting of an oxidized silver sun has a large eagle of bright gold flying toward it.

Silver parasol handles bear many handsome ornamental designs of leaves, flowers, fruits, and grasses.

A tape measure in an oxidized silver case, ornamented with repousse work, makes an elaborate tool.

A large oval sun, the rays of which are set with alternate pearls and diamonds, makes a handsome pin.

Grain-work initials on oxidized silver match-boxes is the latest fancy, but a somewhat costly one.

A pair of silver buttons are leading designs for bonnet-pins.

Hairpin-tops of twisted silver wire are now occasionally set with diamonds.

A diamond dragon-fly makes a handsome ornament for ladies' neckwear.

A pretty combination jewel is a diamond crescent with a star in the center.

A double star set alternately with rubies and sapphires is a charming pattern for a brooch.

A novelty in silver cauchette is the face of Old Mother Hubbard, with an etched band beneath.

A brooch consisting of an oxidized silver sun has a large eagle of bright gold flying toward it.

Silver parasol handles bear many handsome ornamental designs of leaves, flowers, fruits, and grasses.

A tape measure in an oxidized silver case, ornamented with repousse work, makes an elaborate tool.

A large oval sun, the rays of which are set with alternate pearls and diamonds, makes a handsome pin.

Grain-work initials on oxidized silver match-boxes is the latest fancy, but a somewhat costly one.

A pair of silver buttons are leading designs for bonnet-pins.

Hairpin-tops of twisted silver wire are now occasionally set with diamonds.

A diamond dragon-fly makes a handsome ornament for ladies' neckwear.

A pretty combination jewel is a diamond crescent with a star in the center.

A double star set alternately with rubies and diamonds, makes a charming pattern for a brooch.

A novelty in silver cauchette is the face of Old Mother Hubbard, with an etched band beneath.

A brooch consisting of an oxidized silver sun has a large eagle of bright gold flying toward it.

Silver parasol handles bear many handsome ornamental designs of leaves, flowers, fruits, and grasses.

A tape measure in an oxidized silver case, ornamented with repousse work, makes an elaborate tool.

A large oval sun, the rays of which are set with alternate pearls and diamonds, makes a handsome pin.

Grain-work initials on oxidized silver match-boxes is the latest fancy, but a somewhat costly one.

A pair of silver buttons are leading designs for bonnet-pins.

Hairpin-tops of twisted silver wire are now occasionally set with diamonds.

A diamond dragon-fly makes a handsome ornament for ladies' neckwear.

A pretty combination jewel is a diamond crescent with a star in the center.

A double star set alternately with rubies and diamonds, makes a charming pattern for a brooch.

A novelty in silver cauchette is the face of Old Mother Hubbard, with an etched band beneath.

A brooch consisting of an oxidized silver sun has a large eagle of bright gold flying toward it.

Silver parasol handles bear many handsome ornamental designs of leaves, flowers, fruits, and grasses.

A tape measure in an oxidized silver case, ornamented with repousse work, makes an elaborate tool.

A large oval sun, the rays of which are set with alternate pearls and diamonds, makes a handsome pin.

Grain-work initials on oxidized silver match-boxes is the latest fancy, but a somewhat costly one.

A pair of silver buttons are leading designs for bonnet-pins.

Hairpin-tops of twisted silver wire are now occasionally set with diamonds.

A diamond dragon-fly makes a handsome ornament for ladies' neckwear.

A pretty combination jewel is a diamond crescent with a star in the center.

A double star set alternately with rubies and diamonds, makes a charming pattern for a brooch.

A novelty in silver cauchette is the face of Old Mother Hubbard, with an etched band beneath.

A brooch consisting of an oxidized silver sun has a large eagle of bright gold flying toward it.

Silver paras